

True Ghost Stories



Real life ghost stories and hauntings
From the TRUE GHOST STORIES Website

Introduction

Hi.

Welcome along to the official True Ghost Stories Ebook.

In this volume, you will find an utterly fascinating and varied selection of some of the best true cases of ghostly experiences and paranormal activity, which have all been submitted to me by the many people who have visited the True Ghost Stories website over the past year or so. If you enjoy reading actual cases of hauntings and spirit manifestation, then I guarantee that you will thoroughly enjoy reading this book!

There are all kinds of spirits here: from ghostly grandparents to spectres that haunt fairgrounds. There are also a few stories about such famous cases as 'The Brown Lady' and 'The Amityville Horror'.

I must express my deepest gratitude to all those people who very kindly submitted their experiences, without which this book would not have been possible. I must also thank everybody for the continual interest and support you have all shown since the site was first launched.

I hope to compile a further book soon, so keep sending those True Ghost Stories in!

Kind regards

The Webmaster

True Ghost Stories

www.trueghoststories.co.uk

CONTENTS

The Phantom Wood Chopper

A Scottish Haunting

A True Ouija Experience

Abbey The Weeping Ditch Lady

Angel of Death

Bedtime Spectre

Blackpool Ghosts

Blackpool Pleasure Beach

Borley Rectory

Dead Mother's Voice

Ghost Dream

Ghost Girls and Ouija Boards

Ghost In The Uniform

Grandpa's Ghost

Haunted Hospital

Haunted House

The Brown Lady

The Haunted Airfield

The Ghost Boy

The Shuffling Slippers

(This is an actual experience which happened to me, The Webmaster of www.trueghoststories.co.uk, around 1979, whilst I was in my late auntie's flat, all alone, one Sunday afternoon. I still get goosebumps to this day each time I reflect on it!)

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon in early spring. I was minding my auntie's flat whilst she was out visiting relatives. As the Sunday afternoon movie on TV wasn't quite to my liking, I thought I would pop into the bedroom and relax with a good book.

As I lay there, deeply engrossed in my adventure novel, I suddenly heard the faint sound of shuffling footsteps from somewhere inside the flat.

I listened, frowning as the sound of the footsteps grew more distinct, as if they were shuffling, nearer and nearer, towards the closed bedroom door. The footsteps sounded just like those that my auntie would make . . . or any old woman with a habit of dragging her feet as she walked.

Putting my book down, I listened closely. My immediate thought was that maybe my auntie had come back to the flat, for some reason. However, I could not recall her knocking on the door, or even using her own key to let herself in . . .

"Fran, is that you?" I called out.

No answer.

The footsteps shuffled to a stop. Right outside the room in which I was lying.

I frowned puzzledly.

"Fran, are you back?" I called out again.

Still no answer. A deathly silence.

Expecting the door handle to turn any minute, I jumped up off the bed, my novel falling to the floor with the sudden disturbance, and rushed towards the door. My breath seemed to catch in my throat. My heart was thudding madly. Suddenly, a weird feeling of unease was gripping my stomach.

I pulled the door open, expecting to see a figure standing there to greet me.

But there was nobody there.

The flat was completely empty, except for myself.

Then I remembered that the old lady who used to have the flat before my aunt, a woman called Jessie, had died there a few years ago. Like my aunt, she too used to drag her feet as she walked along.

Were the shuffling footsteps I had heard so clearly actually been hers?

Suddenly, I was in no mood for further contemplation. I hastily put my book away, locked up the flat, and was out of it like a shot.

Right to this day, I can still hear my dad's reaction that Sunday afternoon as I arrived back home:

"You're back early, Al. What's wrong?"

The Webmaster

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A Real Horror Story

I will call myself Jenny

I am not sure where to begin, as all my life I have been surrounded by real ghosts and premonitions that have come true.

I shall begin by telling one story, and if you want more, I can tell you many.

While I was expecting my third child, even though I was told not to have anymore by the doctors, but I knew the child would be born. It starts seventeen years ago.

I was going for my check up with my then sister-in-law. I was so pleased because the doctor wasn't in so I could leave earlier than expected, so I asked my sister-in-law to go for a coffee, as there was a cafe in the hospital, it was very crowded but I didn't care, so anyway I was drinking a coffee when suddenly I went all funny, stood up and said, "Oh my God, something is going to happen to one of us."

My sister-in-law got really scared and said, "Jenny, what do you mean?"

I replied, "One of us, me or my brothers and sisters."

With that, I started running out of the hospital to get to my car. Everyone was staring at me, but I didn't care; all I knew was I had to get home.

When I sat in my car, it wouldn't start.

I knew something was trying to stop me, so I stood in the middle of the main road and stuck my hands up in the air to stop the first car I saw.

Well, a car did stop and I begged him to take me to where my husband was working. He did, I ran out of the car screaming at my husband that something bad has happened to one of my siblings. Without speaking, we got into his car to come home.

As I entered my house, the phone was ringing. I picked it up without speaking and on the other end it was my sister's husband telling me my sister had been killed in a car crash. I just dropped the phone.

At the time I went crazy in the hospital was the exact time my sister died.

This is a true story and there are many more. If you are interested, let me know.

Jenny

A Scottish Haunting

A call came through to a local spiritual centre in Woodford, Essex, that a house had been having some strange supernatural phenomena that was causing the two elderly occupants some distress.

The phone call for me to check it out came at a busy time for me, so I asked to get someone else. Then I was informed that this was a “Red Code 5.” These come up once in a blue moon and are rated as the very highest category in spirit infestation.

So on asking for what was happening:

- (1) I was told that food would go missing in the night,
- (2) Things would be moved about inexplicably,
- (3) Dark shapes would be glimpsed quickly that disappeared,
- (4) Footsteps could be heard walking round the ceiling for much of the night.
- (5) The old couple swore that they heard muffled unintelligible spirit voices.

Now the average haunting had just 2 or 3 of these phenomena, but this had 5, so I went as soon as I could.

The old Scottish couple had been in dispute with another Scottish clan and believed the haunting was connected to a clan battle going back some 300 years, and as the old chap spoke about the dispute, he jumped up and took an old sword from above the fireplace and was shouting; ” If it be anything but ghosts, I would slay them with ma claymore as we did before ye ken”

This excitable old chap was at his wits end, and as my accomplice and I set about a close examination for spirit contact, we drew a blank. We could find no signs of a malicious haunting.

It was actually a relief to me, as I was anxious of a long drawn-out battle with a whole nest of spirits which may have to be exorcised. So on asking if they were on any medication, something perhaps that would cause

hallucinations, they seemed pretty well balanced and not in dementia, and no signs of nocturnal cerebral anoxia, night-time oxygen starvation in the elderly that can bring on realistic imaginative dreams. Many sleeping tablets, particularly the soporifics of the Benzodiazepan variety, can instigate strange dreams. We decided to spend a couple of hours quietly in the bedroom, where most of the footsteps were heard.

After a time, yes, we heard them too. The spiritual centre was contacted, and Colin and his wife came for the night watch, and we went home, content that an experienced medium and her husband were there over night at the Scottish couple's troubled home.

The weekend intervened and then I had a brief, but stern, call to come by the spiritualist centre. I thought I had seen it all, and wondered what had happened in the night, but what occurred had me stumped!

It turned out that after an examination of the loft to investigate the footfalls, a bunch of asylum seekers had broken through the attics from the empty house 2 doors down and were creeping out at night and stealing food from the Scottish couple and the people next door!

The police were called and no less than ten people had been living in the loft spaces! This was seen as hilarious, "Haunted by Refugees" was the headline on the monthly Woodford spirit newsletter, that took some living down, but it is true that most so called "hauntings" have a very physical explanation.

The funniest thing of all was that the old Scottish chap really believed, and absolutely insisted, that the foreigners were sent from a rival clan to spy on him!

T Stokes

A True Ouija Experience

Hi, my name is Michelle, and I am the age of 19 years now. I would like for you to read my story and tell me if YOU think that this is real or what.

It all begins when I moved to Minot, North Dakota with my brother and his girlfriend. I was 15 years of age at the time. I am 19 years of age now. Well, we were just sitting around talking about the past when one of our neighbours came around the side of the house and asked my sister in law to go and see her for a second. Minutes later she appeared and she asked me if I would like to play with an ouija board. Out of curiosity, I went.

She told me that she had contacted this young couple that had died in the house with three of their four children and the woman who they had contacted wanted to speak to them. I thought for sure that they were just lying and just saying this to scare me, which was not going to happen (so I thought). I went next door with my sister in law and my sister in laws neighbour and we were sitting in her living room on the floor and we were playing this ouija board when all of a sudden we were interrupted by these loud banging sounds coming from the basement. (Note that this is a duplex that was once a house.) We got scared and thought that it was our neighbour's b/f who had been visiting with my brother next door and we thought was trying to scare us. We thought that we would play the following night since it was so late in the evening. We only figured out so much that night of the names of the family, and that they had died horrible deaths in that house.

Well, the following night, we went over to the neighbours once again and decided to reach "Deb" again. Succeeding in contacting her, I decided to ask her a few questions as to which she was, starting with her last name. As we all had our fingertips on this board, I thought that I would scare them by giving them a false last name: St. John.

Well they had believed this and again we were trying to get some information off of her as to how her and her family had perished in the home. Well, finding out the exact date, which was in the year of 1990, we decided to look up this information in past newspapers. So I went into the library and went to look at past newspapers when we had looked at the month and year that she had given us, not expecting to find anything but you know nothing. When we turned the page of the newspaper just about to give up on the search. When what do you know we seen the house that we were staying in and it had all these cops and

everything around them and they were taking out peoples bodies and had crime scene written all over it. The newspaper said that the woman had fed and killed three of her four children including her husband with rat poison. They had found the husband hanging in the basement. The three children were at the table, and the one that survived was hiding in the bathroom screaming to the 911 dispatcher until the cops got there and the mother deb they have found her in her bedroom with a suicide note laying next to her that read that she was deb and that she had not wanted children but she got really depressed after she had her first one and continued to have more children and that she is leaving Charlie (name withheld) for reasons because he is the oldest and her first born and the only one she truly loves.

Well, we had learned that deb had slit her throat and died. Charlie, her oldest son, said that mommy had told him to get his food earlier while she put special mix in his other sibling's meal. He was then told to lock himself in the bathroom. He walked out 10 minutes later to a horrible scene.

Well, we decided to ask Deb about this and that is when she got really upset with us and said that her husband wants her to quit talking to us. Well, we wouldn't let that happen. He supposively got on the board and started telling us that we were going to be sorry. I started laughing and he spelled out 2 words for me house fire 2 people. I was like what does this mean and he said 2 months. I was like was I going to die. And he started to say hahahahaha over and over.

Well, my sister in law was thinking this was me and me thinking this was her. We continued using the board and she asked it how much she had. It answered her with the correct answer and it said she was going to have a girl. And what do you know, she had a girl. It also told me that I was going to have a girl within a year. And walaw I had my daughter.

Now following this incident with the ouija board, we went back to our hometown where our family lives and were telling people about what happened with this board and what it told us. Including my cousins. And my aunt. Well about a month and a half went by, and I was thinking that this board is just, well, lying. Well, one morning, I had just put my nephew to sleep; he was only 3 months old. When the phone rings and my uncle is telling me that he has bad news and that there has been an accident. My cousin and one of my friends were in a house fire. They were both pronounced dead at the scene.

Well, back home is where I went and my cousin the one who passed away. Well, his sisters asked me how I would know that someone would die in a house fire.

I told them that I thought it was going to be me. But the ouija board didn't simply tell us WE were going to die. But he didn't point out anybody else either.

Well, as you can see, after that experience I never ever touched a ouija board again after that.

You could email me at belcourt_is_where_im_from@yahoo.com if you would like to hear more encounters with these incidents.

Abbey The Weeping Ditch Lady

I'm Lydia, I'm 13 years old and my Step dad Paul is 30 at the time he was 28 and I came across your site about a month ago.

It started out as a normal night shift he was going to Duxfords hexel on a clear winters night. My mum Lisa had not been well on that day so he said to her " don't worry I'll take my bike" so he went out to the shed and got his bike ready and he was just about to leave when I noticed he hadn't got his lunch/snack with him I ran in and brought it to him. He took a torch with him in case there were any problems with his bike along the way.

He got up the road and turned onto the main road. Coming up to the first road sign (bearing in mind it was pitch black and there was no cars or people other than my step dad on the road therefore there being no source of light other than the moon to project an image.) he noticed a narrow whitish glowing mound that as he got closer seemed as if it was floating, he thought nothing of it and carried on cycling.

He got closer and stopped immediately as he saw that the pile he had seen was floating and that the alleged pile was actually a girl that only looked about 16 or 17. This had a massive impact on my step dad as he was very sceptical and did not believe in seeing ghosts at all. He thought to himself that it was probably just another person from our village but then he saw that she was walking over the ditch that runs along out main road. He thought that this was ludicrous as the ditch drops about 6 feet he also noticed that she had no feet and this really freaked him out. She was weeping and then turned round and looked dead ahead at my step dad, he jumped as she appeared to have no eyes and she had a blank expression across her face. He heard a car coming from the direction he was facing and the headlights were on. My step dad looked away from the girl and looked back after the car had driven away leaving yet more darkness. The girl was gone.

Where my step dad had spotted phantom girl behind it was a field that for hundreds of years before had had an abbey until it was knocked down in the late 1600's hence the name that we gave her, Abbey.

This has changed my step dad's views on ghosts dramatically.

Angel of Death

Hi, my name is Stephanie and I would like to share a very scary experience that happened over 20 yrs ago.

I was sitting in the living room of my grandmother's house one day, along with her and my aunt. All of a sudden, I saw this large black shadow rise up out of the floor of the porch and swing itself around and leap over the side of the wall and disappear into the ground.

At first no one could speak or move. My grandmother started to cry and my aunt was scared and so was I. My other aunt came in from the kitchen and told us we were nuts and nothing was there. She said something must have flown past the glass doors.

My father finally got there and my grandmother was still upset and told him what had happened. She told how worried she was because two weeks before that her ex-husband, who lived two houses up from her, killed himself because he suffered from cancer. My dad told my mom not to get so upset because it was nothing to worry about. How I wish that was true, because not more then two weeks later, my father passed away.

Every time I think about it, I still get spooked.

I am not sure if anyone will believe me, but I know it's true and I just wanted to share what happened to me.

Thank You

Stephanie

Bedtime Spectre

Last week I was in bed when I tried to put my feet to the bottom. It felt like somebody was sat on the end of my bed. I was too scared to look.

The night after while again lay in bed. It felt like someone was holding my foot near the toes, very gently but firmly.

Nothing has happened since, but it spooked me a little.

I was wondering if it was one of my lovely relatives who had passed away.

From Tracy

Blackpool Ghosts

The Fylde was an area of forests and bogs dating back to Roman times. We were known as the water dwellers. The Romans built a road which went through Preston, and then continued west to a port situated north of Fleetwood. The ancient parish of Bispham was recorded in the Domesday Book. The first mention of Blackpool is found in the Register of Bispham Parish Church, in which is recorded in the Christianry on September 22nd of that year of a Child belonging to a Couple who reside on the Bank of the Black Pool the year was 1602. The people began to build cobble and clay huts near to the area of the "Pool". In the Bispham parish register, the names of " de Poole" and "de blackpoole" were mentioned, and the name of "Black Poole", was shortened to the present day name of 'Blackpool'.

At the beginning of the 19th Century, Robert and Helen Cookson had lived at Layton Hawes Farm, an extensive property of 500 acres, which stood on the borders of the townships of Lytham and Marton. The land where the Cooksons once farmed is now the site of Blackpool airport, but the old farmhouse can still be seen on certain photographs taken of the air pageant, which was held there in 1909. The five Cookson sisters never married and they lived in Blackpool for many years. By 1851, Helen, Teresa and Margaret were living at No 1 Belle Vue Square, at the end of the Strand, in Blackpool. The sisters were instrumental in the very beginnings of the school, which was to become Layton Hill Convent, as all the family were very much into religion and education. This later became Layton Hill Grammar School, which was then merged with St Joseph's College and then became St Mary's RC High School, which is where the story begins. This building used to be a convent school where many nuns lived and prayed over the years. Today the road next to the school is called St Walburga's as it was on the hill of the same name; this was not always the case. In 1901 the road was known as the 'Lonely Lane' which is not surprising really having seen this place in a thunderstorm it does look very haunted indeed. The chapel extension was built in 1910-1920 and has been added to over the years; most of the original orchard has been built over now. The building itself is dedicated to a Cornelia Augustine Connelly (1809 – 1879) she was known as a woman, wife, mother, foundress and educator, she was indeed instrumental in the setting up of convent education schools in England and the North West.

From 1989 to 1990 I was lucky enough to attend as a 6th former at this school and was delighted with the brief history I could find out and its

paranormal legends. The strange thing is in my local library there are no records about the history of this school or building.

Stories and rumours

A white/grey lady has been seen in the grounds, I think she was possibly walking where the orchard used to be.

The original chapel had to have a cleansing.

A nun fell to her death from the 3rd floor, records are unsure if she was pushed or committed suicide.

Many babies are buried in the grounds that were mothered by the nuns, but never made it past infancy.

A nun is asleep in the 3rd floor dormitories and 'dreams' there is a fire, she goes to the location and tries to put it out. In the morning the remains of a nun are found but no evidence of a fire.

There are underground passages than run the length of the school. This story I can verify, as I was lucky enough to know the caretaker at the time. He let me explore underneath the school, which was fascinating to say the least. The only place I could not go was in the room of the Head teacher, it was occupied most of the time. Personally I believe there was a trap door that led to a church down the road, and it was used during both world wars.

My own Personal accounts

When I would walk there and back to class through the chapel I always felt very uneasy, almost like I was being watched. I then found out what had allegedly in the chapel, needless to say I found a different route to class.

I was having a crafty smoke inside the school outside the art room, I had checked that there were no classes and no one in the room, the door was indeed locked. Imagine my utter horror as the door handle began to move, and then rattle. I just ran back up the stairs, white as a sheet. After a few minutes I decided to venture back down again, as there was one way to the

room there and back. Again I was horrified to find that someone or something had written on the huge wooden door, 'Leave this place'.

My final account I have saved for last. I was practising a play in the main hall with a few friends; in the hall was a huge statue of the Virgin Mary holding the baby Jesus. I was staring at the statue when the Virgin Mary slowly blinked her eyelids, once. Again I ran away, but did not want to tell my friends what I had witnessed. I did however ask a couple of them for stories about the school. A cleaner 4 years ago just left, why, she claimed that the statue moved of its own accord.

No doubt there are many more elements of the history of this place that even now I do not know. I just know I would like a chance to see if it is really haunted!

The first 2 are of Cornelia





<http://www.visionmagazine.uk.com>

Issue 13 of Vision (with Derek on the Cover) has an article that I have written. (As above)



Here is a link to a picture on the Vision website of one of my paranormal pictures

<http://www.visionmagazine.uk.com/The%20Paranormalgallery.htm>

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 Juliette W Gregson 2006

This article was very kindly sent to me by the Webmaster of the Blackpool Ghosts website at www.blackpoolghosts.co.uk

You can discuss Blackpool Ghosts with her, and our other members, in our [Forum](#)



Blackpool Pleasure Beach

Blackpool is the UK's most popular seaside resort. For years, thousands of holidaymakers from all the British Isles and the world have flocked to the Lancashire town to take in its many attractions, from its famous Golden Mile and its illuminations to its wonderful sandy beach.

But aside from its famous tourist attractions, Blackpool also has the odd resident ghost or two.

The most notable one that has been reported is the phantom that is said to haunt the Ghost Train at Blackpool Pleasure Beach. The ghost goes by the name of "Cloggy", so called because he is the spirit of a ride operator who used to wear clogs. Witnesses claimed to have heard Cloggy walking around inside the Ghost Train, the sound of his clogs clattering on the tracks making an eerie, spine-chilling sound. Many of the staff there have reported hearing these strange footsteps.

Cloggy died about 20 years ago, but his is not the only spirit that haunts Blackpool's attractions. His friends include a possible female ghost in the Arena. There are also spectres in the Star Pub and Sir Hiram Maxim's Gift Shop.

Staff working late at night, walking across to the tractor bay, have felt really cold, chilled to the bone and an "awful" presence. At the Star Pub there have been sightings of shadows and a male figure in the cellar, living accommodation and Morgan and Griffin Bars. He is said to bear a resemblance to Karl Marx. Five years ago two workmen claim to have spotted him.

Four years ago, a figure was seen at 3am walking through the bar before disappearing.

The ghost of a small female child, aged about nine, is said to have been seen at Sir Hiram Maxim's Gift Shop. Sir Hiram Maxim's Flying Machines is the oldest ride at the park, built in 1904. And about three years ago an item moved itself overnight to a completely different spot.

You might think that all these spooky happenings would frighten the punters off. On the contrary, they're still flocking to the Pleasure Beach where the ghosts are seen as part of its rich history.

Borley Rectory



To any ghost hunter, Borley Rectory has always been one of the most intriguing and fascinating residences on the face of the planet as regards paranormal occurrences. Described as being the most haunted house in England, Borley Rectory has been the subject of intense investigation by hundreds of researchers and experts over the years, and even to this day, people are still profoundly interested in the creepy stories that have, for so long, surrounded the property and its location.

Borley Rectory was erected on the site of an ancient monastery, and the ghost of a sorrowful nun, who strolled along the so-called "Nun's Walk", was already well known to the villagers at that time. The story goes that she was a wayward sister from the nearby nunnery at Bures who had fallen in love with a monk from the Borley Monastery. The two lovers had tried to elope together, but had been quickly

tracked down. The monk was executed and the nun bricked up in the cellars of the monastic buildings!

The Rectory was built back in 1863 by Reverend Henry Bull, but was later destroyed by a large fire in February 1939. The house was located in Essex near the river Stour, and it was reported that a great deal of poltergeist and related phenomena did occur there even before anyone had moved in.

In 1930, Reverend Lionel Foyster and his family moved there, but left only 5 years later after a staggering 2000 accounts of unexplained paranormal phenomena. From strange writing which appeared on a regular basis on the walls, to unusual apparitions and figures appearing to be moving through the gardens at night - the family were constantly plagued by these disturbing supernatural occurrences and events.

The spirits haunting Borley Rectory were believed to be responsible for strange messages scribbled in pencil on the walls. The words in capital letters were written by investigators trying to communicate with the spirit entity.

The most famous ghost hunter in all paranormal history, Harry Price, investigated the Rectory extensively. However, much controversy has surrounded his findings, and the debate about exactly what he experienced there still goes on even to this day.

The last people to reside in Borley Rectory were Captain William Gregson and his family, and after the fire it was thought that the ghosts had actually moved across the road

to the nearby Borley Church. One thing is certain, however, and that is the extent to which these hauntings had occurred after and during the time when the Rectory had been occupied. There were dozens of mysterious photographs taken throughout the years, some of them showing what appeared to be strange dark figures and apparitions in the grounds around the Rectory.

Were these pictures nothing more than exaggerated remnants of someone's overactive imagination, or perhaps something of a much more paranormal nature? Nobody will ever really know for sure, and Borley Rectory will probably remain one of the most haunted houses in the history of paranormal research.



Dead Mother's Voice

I have had several unexplained experiences in my life, but one that upset me greatly happened 13 years ago. This is absolutely true.

My mother had always been a regular visitor at my home all through my married life and helped me with my children when they were small.

When she could no longer get about, I found her a small rented bungalow, just minutes away from my house, so that I could look after her.

For 8 years I cared for her and my children visited her often.

By the time she died, my children were all grown up and my daughter had a baby girl of her own. About a week before the baby's first birthday she told me "I just want to see Amy be one". Meaning that she wanted to see my daughter's child reach her first birthday. She did not have any lingering disease and had all her faculties to the end.

She died less than two weeks after Amy's birthday.

The day before her funeral, which was a hot July day, at around 5am, the telephone rang. My mother had been in the habit of calling me early just before she died. I had to walk to the landing where we had a small telephone on the wall and as the sun was very bright, I drew the curtains in my bedroom. I was fully awake.

On answering the telephone, my mother's unmistakable voice spoke to me. I asked her where she was and she replied "I don't know". This upset me very much, as my mother never spoke of spiritual matters or the progression of the spirit, and would indeed wonder where she was.

Christine.

Ghost Dream

I'm not sure what the date was, but I know it was in the beginning of March.

When I was asleep, I had a dream of a little girl in a forest with pitch black eyes. She was standing there, and then a ghostly scream came out of her.

While this was happening, I felt my blankets being pulled off slowly . . . and then I wake up out of it!

It was 3:30 something - can't remember the time - my blankets were half off and there were no witnesses cus it was in my room pitch black.

I know somebody wasn't fucking around with me, cus if somebody came in, the door would creek loudly cus it needs to be greased.

I'm 16 years old. I don't do any drugs and I don't drink. I am pretty average.

This is my account that scared the shit out of me.

Ghost Girls and Ouija Boards

(These true experiences were posted to me by John Weber of the Yahoo Group, Creepy Photography)

I have a few stories to share.

When I was quite young, maybe 3 or 4, I saw my first ghost. I was sleeping, and awoke suddenly because i had to use the restroom. I turned over, and saw a little girl. This little girl looked somewhat like myself, but had no colour at all. White as the snow. I could not see through her though. She smiled and reached out to me. I screamed and ran to my mother. My father never believed me, but my mother secretly did.

When I was 11, I got a Ouija board for my birthday. We decided, since it was too late, to place it under my bed, unopened, until the next day. All night long, it shook and jiggled. I gave it away the next day, and never had any other problems of the sort.

When I was 14, I held a séance with 6 of my friends and one friend's young sister. Everything was going as planned, and we had all necessary materials. An athame, salt, chalice of juice, altar, ouija board, everything. Our candles were lit and we were proceeding to, talking to a presumed spirit through the Ouija board. All of a sudden the room went black, as if someone had blown all the candles out. A mirror fell behind us and shattered. The windows started to rattle and banging sounded on the door. The youngest girl started to cry, saying something was hurting her. Finally, the light came back and we blew out the candles, closed the circle, and left.

Hope these are sufficient! My email address is jena_lynn03@yahoo.com

Ghost In The Uniform

This experience occurred about two years ago.

My boyfriend and I were having a two-week holiday around our country, New Zealand. We ended up staying at a quaint little B&B style accommodation near Tongariro National Park.

We were in bed, on our second night there, and I was asleep. I suddenly came awake and I felt the bed been shaken.

I looked to my left and there was a man in an old army uniform. Like, in the 1800's or something. He was kicking the bed and, although no words were coming out, he seemed to be saying, "Wake up".

I was frightened so I reached for my boyfriend but saw that he was choking. His eyes were closed, his brow was sweaty and he appeared to be asleep but he was struggling for breath and all pale. I figured that he was having a nightmare so I frantically shook him awake.

He came out of it gasping for breath and after I grabbed him a glass of water and waited for him to calm down I asked him what happened. He told me that he was having a nightmare that a man was strangling him to death. I said that was weird and then told him about the man who had woken me up. I figured that it was a dream, even though I wasn't entirely convinced.

Then my boyfriend gave me the fright of my life when he gasped and said that the man who was strangling him in his dream also had an old style army uniform on. My boyfriend wanted to compare the physical attributes of the man in the uniform but I was too scared to talk about it anymore.

Needless to say, we were scared to death and left in the evening.

From Janae Moors

Grandpa's Ghost

My grandpa died June 23, 2004.

The night after my grandpa's death, I had a sleepover. My best friend came over. We were up till 4:00 in the morning.

Then, all of the sudden my cat started whining like she was scared. Turns out my friend had heard that cats could see ghosts. My cat had seen a ghost. We think that my cat had seen my grandpa.

I went over to sleep with my best friend because I didn't want to be all alone. So 1 hour later, I started crying. I was so scared, I turned on the light, woke everybody up, and turned on the TV. This is where it gets strange.

The next morning, my cat did it again. My cat got out and went to the cemetery and we did not know where she went.

We went to the cemetery to find her. Come to find out, she was digging the dirt out of my grandpa's grave.

Do not say this is not true because this story is true.

From Wayne H. Parkinson

Haunted Hospital

I work in a hospital in Ohio that has stood for many years. My co-worker seems to have that sixth sense it takes to see ghostly beings and she sees them in our office. It was rather un-nerving at first, but now I'm used to them being around.

One apparition in particular seems to be active around Christmas time. Our hospital was, at one time, an acute care hospital, having an emergency room, surgery suites, and patient rooms. Now, it has been reclassified as a mental health facility and more administrative offices.

But to return to the story. She was on her rounds one night as a security officer and she observed a male near the doors to our Crisis Center. Most doors in our facility are secured and it takes a key card to get through.

She yelled out to this gentleman, as he was a little distance away when she saw him, "Sir, can I help you?"

He turned around, looked directly at her, turned away and went THROUGH the doors leading to the outside. The doors, however, didn't move. She describes him as a young man in his 20's, wearing jeans, a white shirt, and carrying a green sweater. More people have seen him but, as yet, no one has really been able to speak to him. We'd like to help him cross over because we believe he may have died in our hospital when it was still a full service facility.

That would have been about 20 years ago and that's a long time for anyone to wander. We feel he deserves to rest in peace finally. He's not the only ghost who's been seen, heard or smelled in our facility, but he's the most active one that we have.

Donna, Tipp City, Ohio

Haunted House

Hi,

This happened to me in September 1997 when I was living with an abusive boyfriend (now my ex).

We moved into a house in Griffydham, Leicestershire in Elder Lane, it was a beautiful big house and we were renting it.

The day after we'd moved in, I was unpacking in the kitchen when I felt like I was being watched, like someone was looking over my shoulder. I thought nothing of it and continued with my unpacking, but I kept seeing something moving out of the corner of my eye. I would turn to look properly and nothing was there. I found this rather unsettling.

About a week after we'd moved in, my boyfriend was in the living room and I was in the kitchen. The sun was streaming through the window; I had nothing on my mind apart from mundane work issues. I was chopping up vegetables for salad. I looked down and I saw standing behind me a pair of shiny black shoes with legs, but as I was looking down and back, I couldn't see much more. I turned to look properly over my shoulder, thinking my boyfriend had come in, to greet him and nothing was there.

I ran through to the living room and demanded to know if he'd been in the kitchen. He laughed at me at first, thinking I was joking, then he saw the look on my face and explored the house thoroughly. No one was there. I was very concerned, not about the presence of a ghost, but the fact it may frighten me into dropping a plate. If I broke anything, my abusive boyfriend would go mental and not speak to me for days, he'd get very angry.

My boyfriend returned to watch TV and I went back into the kitchen alone. I stood in the centre of the room and, feeling like a prize idiot said the following: Hi, my name is Joanne and my boyfriends name is ... We've just moved here as you know, we know this is your house and you've probably been here for ages. We're only actually going to be staying a year, so we won't be here forever or try and take the house from you or anything.

It's just that, well, my boyfriend is a bit scary at times, he goes mad at me if I drop a plate or a glass, he gets really mad.

Anyway, I was wondering if you could stop coming up behind me like that because I'm scared I'll drop a plate or a glass or make some such mistake and he'll go mental. Thanks ever so much.

The incidents stopped from that day and only happened again in August 1998, the day before we moved out, and I was once again packing things in the kitchen. I felt a friendly presence looking over my shoulder.

Perhaps it had come to see me off!

Joanne

The Brown Lady



Commonly known as "The Brown Lady", this photo is undoubtedly the most well known and familiar image of a spirit ever captured on camera.

Taken in 1936, the photo shows the "Brown Lady" ghost at Raynham Hall in England.

She is called the "Brown Lady" due to the brown brocade dress that the ghost has often been seen wearing while wandering the halls and staircase of Raynham Hall.

As the story goes, two photographers, Captain Provand and his assistant Indre Shira, from Country Life magazine, were capturing the old Hall when one of the men caught sight of the ghost. A photograph was quickly taken just seconds before the figure disappeared.

When the snap was developed, it clearly showed a faint, vaporous figure gliding down a staircase.

The photo of The Brown Lady was published in Country Life magazine on December 1st, 1936, and it immediately caused a sensation.

Despite close examination by many experts, no signs of fraud have ever been detected.

Although some sceptics would probably argue that the photo appears to be a relatively easy double exposure trick, the question is still asked today: Why would two well-known photographers, with an extremely good reputation, decide to fake a ghost photo? Their reputation alone makes it highly improbable that they would do such a thing. The debate about The Brown Lady photograph still rages on even to this day.

The other unusual thing is that the ghost was seen before the photo was taken. Normally, most paranormal photos aren't discovered till after the film has been developed, so photographers do not usually get the opportunity to see a ghost, photograph it and have such a perfect image of it appear on film.

The ghost seen in the photo is reportedly that of Lady Dorothy Walpole, who once lived at Raynham Hall.

Born in 1686, she "officially" died of smallpox in 1726.

She was the sister of Sir Robert Walpole, who was considered to be England's first Prime minister.

In addition to The Brown Lady, a number of other ghosts have been seen at Raynham Hall: The Duke of Monmouth, two ghostly children and a ghost of a cocker spaniel.

The Ghost Boy

I was walking with a friend of mine one day and we spotted an old home...so we decided to investigate. We got the front porch and she knocked on the door. No one answered...naturally of course as it looked abandoned. I took out my flashlight from my purse that I was lugging along with me and searched around. I noticed a key on the porch and used it...it opened up easily enough so we both went inside to tour around the haunted looking place. There were cobwebs everywhere and a stench was in the air. Meg said she wanted to get out of there but I said. "Nah . . . let's look around a bit ok?" she nodded her head in agreement but I knew she was more than anxious to get back home to a nice warm bed that would be awaiting for her.

We walked around the parlour of the house and noticed a shadowy figure on the wall. We heard a strange sound coming from the hallway and walked carefully over to it. We saw a small child sitting in the corner, crying. I asked the child why he was crying and he said because he could not find his toy. I asked where he last left it. He told me in the attic. I decided to go to the attic area and look around. I found a treasure box and opened it and there was a small ball in it, so I figured, 'hey this must be his toy' so I took it to the boy and asked him if this was his toy and he smiled and said it was. He seemed delighted to see it. I smiled back at him. My friend Meg was smiling as well and we left that old house and went back often to see the ghostly boy and always found time to play charades with or other games.

Now...that I am much older, I think about the boy that dwelled inside that old spooky house and hope that one day, he will find me and talk to me or one day...I shall go back to him and play another game.

Melanie Miller

The Haunted Airfield

The World War Two airfield known as R.A.F. Bircham Newton in rural England, has long been a Mecca for both students of the paranormal, and spiritualist mediums arriving on a mission to help and heal. The part of the airfield where even sceptics hear voices, and old aircraft noises on a regular basis, is actually on what are now the tennis courts, and it is here most paranormal activity occurs. So it was here that we focused our main attentions.

Such things as the setting up of machinery and the gadgetry of the paranormal, inevitably attracts attention, and soon we had the obligatory bunch of "Mickey takers", with the usual jokes that was probably older than they were. The words of Horace Walpole came to mind: "The world is a comedy for those that think, and a tragedy for those who feel ". And it was into the world of feelings that we were to trespass. Ghosts fall roughly into two categories: there were those who were just the emotions of long ago impressed into the ether, and like mindless recordings doing the same round time after time, year after year, and those that were alive to their surroundings but trapped in time, and it was these that we wished to communicate with, to see why they would accept no mediums help to pass on to their correct sphere.

In order to gain a verifiable record for posterity, we had with us the paraphernalia of the E.V.P. specialist. Plus some M.O.D scanning devices not normally available to investigators, which meant we could snatch whole conversations from the past. Electronic Voice Phenomena, is the means with tape recorders, and some small metallic amplifiers, S.T.R. conductors, kilner jar and sound plates, to regain sounds lost in the past, on a recording.

The government consistently denies using mediums and psychics during World War 2, But due to the negligence of Winston Churchill, whole intelligence departments were run by soviet agents and a lot of their material on the contributions made by British psychics has been available from Soviet files, thanks to people like Vasili Mitrikhin, Oleg Bzorski and others. In fact the British agent Peter Wright of " Spy catcher" fame, spoke of the possibilities of E.V.P. reclaiming voices of the dead during the troubles in

Cyprus, and experimented from his home in Essex, this man a great British patriot, was cheated out of his pension by the very government he served, while the soviet defector Anatole Vrinisky has described him as an electronics genius and one greatly feared in Moscow. However, we stood about for quite some time on the windy tennis courts, and the shouts and comments of the dead airmen, both amazed us, and gave explanation of why these men would not go to gods allotted place, until they had their say.

One airman acted as spokes man for the others all gave their names and rank, He said there were many airmen gathered here, which really shook me, and I wondered the reasons why this could be so.

Steve an old hand in these areas, who held the sound plates began to weep and was shaking visibly. With an emotional voice the airman told us that these bomber crews had been targeting not enemy soldiers but, dormitory towns, where German soldiers wives and children lived, these towns were largely undefended against attack, for surely there would be no need to defend them, and Winston Churchill ordered not the German army, but the families of German soldiers to be mass fire bombed.

Again, it was Churchill who refused to allow Germany offers to surrender since 1942, he and "Bomber" Harris wanted only complete destruction, they called this many times, "total war". This airman's spirit then said one cold, lonely and noisy bombing run, he suddenly found himself with other British airmen, in a pushing throng of women and children, making for a large staircase that arose up to quite where he could not see, but saw a mother trying to carry two injured children, and on offering to carry one was shocked to see and smell, the child's burned flesh, it was at this point that he realised that although he spoke no German, he could understand every word spoken, and on turning to his air colleagues, he suddenly knew they were all dead.

Gone was any feeling of enemies for all helped each other to reach the stair. But almost all the British airmen decided to remain behind. These men are both trapped and guilt ridden, they plead for their voices to be heard, they see themselves as war criminals, they signed up to fight soldiers, not the wives and children of soldiers, and need some degree of closure, their anger after all these years is still palpable.

Asked if they wish for help to progress on, almost to a man they do not, one man with a Scots accent said it is justice for the dead for which they wait. And please to tell their families they were all O. K.

We read together for them the address of Canon Henry Scott -Holland, once dean of St. Paul's: "Death is nothing at all, I have only slipped away into the next room, I am I and you are you. Whatever we were to each other that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name; speak to me in the easy way you always used. Put no difference into your tone; wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow...What is this death but a negligible accident? Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near just around the corner.
All is well."

Further reading:

Falsehoods In Wartime by A. Ponsonby

From Admiral To Cabin Boy by Barry Domville

Was The Wartime Bombing of Civilians A Necessity Or A Crime? A.C Grayling

Unfortunately the Churchill papers have been so sanitised as to be virtually worthless.

T.Stokes

Lecturer in paranormal studies.

The Phantom Wood Chopper

(This creepy incident was experienced by my mother when she lived in apartments, on Merseyside, many years ago)

Over the years, I have had many strange and weird experiences which I have been unable to find an explanation for. But the one that really stands out in my memory happened way back in the early sixties, when I hadn't been married long and was living in apartments.

The property where the apartments were situated was actually a very large old house, which had been rented by an elderly man who decided to let the rooms off to people who were desperate for accommodation, as also the house was too big for him to live in on his own. It really was a large and creepy place, and I could never feel relaxed and hated being alone in there for any length of time. The hallway and stairs leading to our rooms were very dark, and the air was always extremely cold when we passed this particular corner, and my skin would go all prickly, and I couldn't wait to get in my room and close the door quickly.

At the very top of this house, there were two attics which had been empty for a couple of months, as the previous tenants had moved out, but they'd left two chairs behind on the landing, saying we could have them for firewood because, at the time, people were still using coal fires.

Well, this particular day, my husband and I had just got back after a day's shopping, and I was starting to make the evening meal when suddenly there was this loud chopping sound . . . and it was definitely coming from the attics, which were above us.

As there were only two of us and the elderly tenant in the whole house, we thought it was him. But then the sound got louder and louder, and it persisted, until I finally opened the room door and shouted up to the attic, thinking that I was talking to the tenant. I got a reply from him, but he was answering me from downstairs. Then, at this particular moment, the chopping sound stopped. I told the tenant I thought it was him chopping the chair, but he told me no and said he thought it was us chopping the chairs up for our fire.

After learning that none of us had been up to the attics, the tenant went up to investigate. But then he shouted down that the chairs were still in one piece, and he could not explain the chopping sound.

The following evening, I was talking to the tenant downstairs as I waited for my husband to come home, when suddenly this weird chopping sound started again from the attics upstairs. We looked at each other in sheer disbelief.

The chopping lasted for about five minutes, in which time my husband arrived home. And then it stopped, as suddenly as it had started. I told my husband what had happened. Needless to say, we could not settle in that house after experiencing such a creepy, inexplicable noise, and eventually moved home.

However, even to this day, that weird chopping-of-chairs sound is still etched, vividly and disturbingly, in my memory, and I will never ever forget it.

The Webmaster

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